

baby Into the air, saying, " This Is your moon
! " The
child squalls and rolls over on the ash-heap.
Then the
mother snatches up the Infant and nurses it;
so they go
home.¹

The Guarayos Indians, who Inhabit the gloomy
tropical infants
forests of Eastern Bolivia, lift up their
children in the j£^eh^{"ted}
air at new moon in order that they may grow.²
Among moon by
the Apinagos Indians, on the Tocantins River in
Brazil, the ^_suar"
French traveller Castelnau witnessed a remarkable
dance by Indians of
moonlight. The Indians danced in two long
ranks which ancAhe
faced each other, the women on one side, the men on
the Apinagos

Indians of
other, between the two ranks of dancers blazed a
great Brazil.
fire. The men were painted in brilliant colours, and
for the
most part wore white or red skull-caps made of
maize-flour
and resin. Their dancing was very monotonous and
con-
sisted of a jerky movement of the body, while the
dancer
advanced first one leg and then the other. This dance
they
accompanied with a melancholy song, striking the
ground
with their weapons. Opposite them the women, naked
and
unpainted, stood in a single rank, their bodies bent
slightly
forward, their knees pressed together, their arms
swinging In
measured time, now forward, now backward, so as
to join
hands. A remarkable figure in the dance was a
personage
painted scarlet all over, who held in his hand a
rattle com-
posed of a gourd full of pebbles. From time to
time he
leaped across the great fire which burned between
the men
and the women. Then he would run rapidly in front
of the
women, stopping now and then before one or other

and
performing a series of strange gambols, while he
shook his
rattle violently. Sometimes he would sink with
one knee
to the ground, and then suddenly throw himself
backward.
Altogether the agility and endurance which he
displayed
were remarkable. This dance lasted for hours.
When a
woman was tired out she withdrew, and her place
was taken
by another; but the same men danced the
monotonous
dance all night. Towards midnight the moon
attained the
zenith and flooded the scene with her bright rays. A
change

¹ Henri A. Junod, *The Life of a - A.tf(Jr)*
Agyi, I''oyagedaHsPAMti't-
South African Tribe. (Ncuchatel, 1912- *qitti Mcridionalc*^ Hi. i^{ro}
Partie (Paris
1913), i. 51. and Strasburg, 1844), p. 24.
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